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.....
Ah, in each heart there is a holy spot
As mid the waste, an isle of fount and palm;
Forever green! The world's breath enters not,
The passion-tempests may not break its calm!
Thither in trust, unbaffled mayst thou turn,
From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at this hidden urn,
That, filled with memories, in its own shrine lies!
—Mrs. Hemans.
.....

"THE SIMPLE LIFE."

Just now, while the dispatches are alive with President Roosevelt's public endorsement of Prof. Charles Wagner's new book, "The Simple Life," it is pertinent to inquire into the philosophy of this book that has made such an impression on the impulsive Roosevelt.

At a lecture by Wagner in Washington Tuesday afternoon, the president introduced the speaker, saying that it would be the last time during his term as president that he would introduce a public speaker.

What, then, is the brand of philosophy that has excited so deeply the admiration of Roosevelt, who is a literary genius of no mean ability? Perhaps the first chapter of the book is a true index to the general lines of thought it contains.

Here is a typical extract from chapter 1:

From the cradle to the grave, in his needs as in his pleasures, in his conception of the world and himself, the modern man struggles through a maze of numberless complications. Nothing is simple now, neither thought nor action, amusement or even death.

We have with our own hands added a train of difficulties to existence and cut off many pleasures. I am persuaded that at the present moment there are thousands of my fellow-beings who suffer from a too artificial life.

They will be grateful to those who seek to give expression to their discomfort and encourage them in the regret for the simplicity which works in their mind oppressing them vaguely.

Let us enumerate first a series of facts which put into relief the truth we wish to show.

The complexity of life appears in the multiplicity of our material needs. One of these universally conceded phenomena of this country is that our needs have kept pace with our progress. That is not in itself an evil. The birth of certain needs, mark, in fact, a progress. It is a sign of superiority to feel the need of bathing, to wear fresh linen, to inhabit wholesome houses, to eat healthful food, and to cultivate the mind.

But, if there are certain needs whose birth is desirable and which have a right to live, there are others which exercise a harmful influence, and exist at our expense, like parasites. It is the number and the imperious character of these which preoccupy our minds.

If our forefathers had been told that one day humanity would have at its disposal all the engines of which it is possessed to maintain and defend its material existence, they would have concluded at first that there would be an augmentation of independence, and in consequence happiness.

And, in the second place, a sensible decrease in the competition of the necessities of life. It would even have been permitted them to think that the simplification of existence, resulting from these perfected means of action, would bring the realization of a higher morality.

NOTHING OF ALL THIS HAS COME TO PASS. NEITHER HAPPINESS, SOCIAL PEACE, NOR

POWER FOR GOOD HAS BEEN INCREASED.

In the first place, does it seem to you that your fellow-citizens, taken as a whole, are better contented than their ancestors, or surer of tomorrow?

I do not ask if they would be right to be so, but if they are. To see them as they live, it appears to me that the majority are discontented with their lot, before all being preoccupied with their material needs, and under the obsession of cares for the morrow.

Never has the question of food and shelter been sharper or more absorbing than now, when we are better nourished, better clothed and better lodged than ever before.

He deceives himself who believes that the question of "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and with what shall we be clothed?" is presented to the poor alone—those that are exposed to anguish of tomorrow without bread or shelter. With those it is natural, and yet it is just there that it presents itself most simply.

One must go to the homes of those who have begun to enjoy a little prosperity, to learn how much the satisfaction with what they have is troubled by regret for that which they lack. And, if you would see the anxiety of the material future in all its luxurious development, observe the people of "comfortable means," and above all, the rich.

The women who have but one dress are not those who ask oftenest what they shall wear, nor is it those reduced to the strictest economy who ask the most frequently what they shall eat tomorrow. By a necessary consequence of the law that needs increase by their satisfactions: THE MORE GOODS A MAN HAS THE MORE HE THINKS HE NEEDS.

The more he is assured of tomorrow, according to the view of ordinary good sense, the more he concerns himself with the question of how he shall live, he and his children, how he will establish them and their descendants. Nothing can portray the fears of a man of means, their number, their reach and their refined shades.

A GROUP OF ANCIENTS.

Three years ago there died in Alabama one Ismail Hudgo, who was born in 1741, when Washington was a Virginia schoolboy, and when George III had barely left his cradle. So wonderful was this old man's vigor that at the age of 158 he was able to walk 11 miles without feeling fatigue. His general appearance was described as that of a healthy, middle-aged man; and when he died he had almost a perfect set of teeth.

In the valley of Codpa, in Peru, might be seen three years ago a woman named Martina Celada, working in the fields at the age of 149. She had been twice married; and though her first matrimonial venture was made at the mature age of 40, her eldest son, if he had survived, would have celebrated his hundredth year some time ago. When Donna Martina was 142 years old she was known to climb up a fig tree to gather the fruit, and she celebrated her 144th birthday by six hours' work in the field. Peru, by the way, is prolific of centenarians, and it is said to be quite a common thing to see Indians, working at 100 years and more with the vigor and endurance of young men.

Four years ago there died in Belgium, in Russia, a man who had reached the age of 140, and who had spent his long life as a professional beggar, like his father had before him. Nine times he took to himself a wife; and when he tired of one spouse he simply left her and found a successor as speedily as possible. The chronicler of his strange career writes: "It is interesting to note that, in spite of his long life, he was not burdened with the three great sorrows, want, worry and family."

In the Madrid hospital a short time ago was an old lady who was born at Grandda on October 12, 1781. At the age of 121 her health and mental condition were described as excellent. She was living in the hospital as a pensioner rather than an invalid; and her age was attested by unimpeachable documentary proof. But centenarians are common in Spain. There is at Barcelona a farmer, who at 116 years of age, still supervises the work of his farm; Valencia boasts a man who, at 130 years, is still hale and hearty; and at Tortosa, quite recently, a girl, Elisa Sagarra, was baptized in the presence of her mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother.

At Swiss Elm, Ohio, Mirah Davis ("Aunt" Mirah, they call her) is keeping house for her white-haired great-grandson, at the age of 124, and, on the evidence of her neighbors who ought to know, she can still do a good day's washing. Aunt Mirah, who is a bit of a philosopher, gives the following excellent advice to those who wish to rival her length of days: "The best rule for a long life," she says, "is just this—don't worry! If I add anything else it would be to be always employed in some useful work and to take plenty of sleep."

A complete set of rules governing the use of exposition grounds by exhibitors and concessionaires, has been issued by the management of the Lewis and Clark fair. The charge for lighting and power and other accommodations are included in the pamphlet.

Dan Anthony, Kansas' Fighting Editor

That a man who had been cowed, beaten, shot full of holes, carved by bowie knives and "left for dead" should die at 80 in bed was the late Col. Dan Anthony's way of illustrating "life's little ironies," says the New York World.

Anthony, a brother of Susan B. was a Kansas editor. He went to the state 50 years ago, when it was one big fighting field. Once his paper, the Leavenworth Times, bitterly assailed a local editor. The men on the street, pistols drawn. Afterward people came from behind the trees and picked Anthony up. His aorta was cut, and as no one had then survived the doctor said he would die soon. The bitter cold of winter checked the flow of blood, however, and he was put to bed.

After a short sleep Anthony woke to ask the nurse what time it was. "Six," she replied.

"Say, that's a good joke on 'Doc,'" chuckled the editor. "He said I'd be dead by 5:30."

Once, in 1875, a rival editor, Mr. Imbry, "shot Anthony up." He threw on the treatment. During the war he was knifed while trying to rescue a slave, but lived. As Mayor of Leavenworth, years ago, he was a favorite target for the turbulent. Cowhiddings and beatings with heavy canes were incidents.

Anthony's last encounter was in 1899, when he was 76 years old. Ex-Sheriff Bond, a giant in stature, helped by another man, got the old editor down and beat him and stamped upon him. He drew a revolver, but the friend saved Bond by knocking the weapon up. Anthony recovered. "I'm going to die of disease or old age," he said.

Anthony wasn't always bloodthirsty. An actor, angered by Kansas criticism, came to his office one day to "lick the editor." He turned the hose on the visitor and went back to his desk. Once he was arrested for carrying a revolver wrapped up in paper. The lethal weapon turned out to be a piece of lead pipe bent pistol-shape—not a bad defensive weapon. Curiously enough, Anthony wasn't a good shot. He never killed any one but a man named Satterlee. Once a gang of 15 men opened fire on him, and he emptied two six-shooters in their direction. "Upon my honor," he said, "I never touched a man. I concluded that bricks were much more deadly weapons than pistols."

REDUCE THE TARIFF.

With President Roosevelt to recommend a reduction in the tariff on goods imported from the Philippines from 75 per cent to 25 per cent of the present rates it would seem a heavy blow at the whole high tariff system. If American laborers can compete with the pauper labor of the Philippines, which is mostly Chinese, why then they can compete with the labor of the entire Orient. If the reduction of the tariff on Philippine goods is a good thing, why would it not also be a good thing to make a reduction to other countries?

These questions will be the subject of debate in the next session of congress and can only tend to widen the breach in the republican party between the tariff revisionists and the "stand-patters."

It would seem that the common sense of the American people would reject a system, the full ripe fruit of which has been the monopolistic

TYPHOID GERMS.



The microscope shows that in the blood of every person suffering from typhoid the little germs can be found as shown above. They are supposed to get into the water or milk we drink. The germs multiply so that one germ is capable of producing about one hundred trillion germs in twenty-four hours. That is why if they ever get into the water supply of a town they multiply so fast that nearly everybody drinking the water comes down with the disease. There are exceptions, however, and they are the persons whose health is perfect, whose blood is pure, and lives active. When the germs get into a healthy body they are thrown off with the other poisons. Recent Chicago statistics show that one-eighth of all the deaths in the past two years in that city have resulted from pneumonia.

The best advice we can give is to put the body into a perfectly sound, healthy condition. Be assured that you have rich, red blood and an active liver.

Many years ago Dr. E. V. Pierce, who is consulting surgeon to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., found certain herbs and roots which, when made into an alternative extract (without the use of alcohol), seemed to be the very best means of putting the stomach, blood and vital organs into proper condition. This seemed to him as close to nature's way of treating disease as it was possible to go. For over a third of a century Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has had a wonderful sale and the cures resulting from its use are numbered by thousands. It is a tissue-builder, better than cod liver oil because it does not sicken the stomach, or offend the taste. It strengthens or renews the assimilative or digestive processes in the stomach and puts on healthy flesh when the weight of the invalid is reduced below the normal.

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trusts and which results in American made goods being sold abroad for less than to home consumers.

The proposed recommendation of President Roosevelt should be an entering wedge.—Boise Capital News.

WAKE ME A SONG.

Out of the silences wake me a song.
Beautiful, and soft and low;
Let the loveliest music sound along.
And wing each note with a wail of woe.

Dim and dream
As hope's last tear,
Out of the silences wake me a hymn.
Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim.

Out of the stillness in your heart—
A thousand songs are sleeping there—
Wake me a song, thou child of art!

The song of a hope in a last despair,
Dark and low,
A chant of woe,
Out of the stillness, tone by tone,
Cold as a snowflake, low as a moan.

Out of the darkness flash me a song.
Brightly dark and darkly bright;
Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along.

The mystical shadows of the night.
Sing it sweet,
Where nothing is drear or dark or dim,
And earth song soars into heavenly hymn.

—Father Ryan.

"Durn Shame!"

Farmer Hayrick (looking over paper)—Skinner, the druggist, is closing out his entire stock of patent medicines at half price.

Mrs. Hayrick—That's just our pesky luck! They hain't a thing the matter with any of the hull family.—Chicago News.

A man never really begins to learn until he is ready to admit that he does not know.

WHY THEY CUSS THE PAPERS.

When yer hear a feller cussin' 'bout ther 'sneakin' lyin' press,' An' rounthin' ther reporters— Say—there's somethin' wrong, I guess.

Now, I'll bet er year's subscription To ther Weekly Bugle Call, Then that feller's been a doin' Things he hadn't ought—that's all.

Yer remember ole Bill Owens— Handled all ther county tin— Said: "Dod gast ther lyin' papers; 'They ar' allus mixin' in— Snoopin' 'round and axin' questions. Scratchin' down each word yer say; Printin' all ther bloomin' gossip In ther village ev'ry day."

Bill is servin' out his sentence— Breakin' stones to help ther state; Helped himself jist onct too often; Longed for riches—couldn't wait. But ther little danged reporter He got on ter Bill, you know; Seemed ter smell er defalcation— Writ 'er up and let 'er go.

Er yer take Tom Jones, ther bully— Lacks his wife and raises Cain; An' Hank Smith, ther barroom loafer, Drunken Pete and Joe McLain— Ev'ry God forsaken bummer Ther's a eyecore in ther town, Says: "Dod gast ther lyin' papers," 'Cause ther papers call 'em down. —Inland Printer.

Creamery for Baker.

Baker City, Nov. 22.—Through the efforts of the Baker City Development League it is now almost certain that a creamery will be started here next spring, capital having been interested in the project.

Californians are taking an encouraging interest in the Lewis and Clark expedition. The California Development committee is arranging for an excursion of several hundred people of that state to be present on June 1, the formal opening day.

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